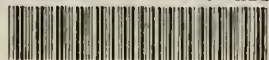


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FRANCIS DAY

POINT LACE

AND

DIAMONDS

By
GEORGE A. BAKER, Jr.
AUTHOR OF "THE BAD HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY," "WEST POINT," ETC.

With twelve fac-similes of water-color paintings by

FRANCIS DAY

*Together with illustrations in black-and-white by
various artists*



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
MDCCCXCII

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PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS DAY.



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POINT LACE AND DIAMONDS.

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART ONE.

"COME right in. How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and get a light."
"Well, old man, recovered yet
From the Mather's jam last night?"
"Didn't dance. The German's old."
"Didn't you? I had to lead—
Awful bore! Did you go home?"
"No. Sat out with Molly Meade.
Jolly little girl she is—
Said she didn't care to dance,
'D rather sit and talk to me—
Then she gave me such a glance!
So, when you had cleared the room,
And impounded all the chairs,
Having nowhere else, we two
Took possession of the stairs.

I was on the lower step,
Molly, on the next above,
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to undo her glove.
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life;
'Ah! if I could only win
Some true woman for my wife,
How I'd love her—work for her!
Hand in hand through life we'd walk—
No one ever cared for me—'
Takes a girl—that kind of talk.
Then, you know, I used my eyes—
She believed me, every word—
Said I 'mustn't talk so'—Jove!
Such a voice you never heard.
Gave me some symbolic flower,—
'Had a meaning, oh, *so* sweet,'—

Don't know where it is, I'm sure;
 Must have dropped it in the street.
 How I spooned!—And she—ha! ha!—
 Well, I know it wasn't right—
 But she pitied me so much
 That I—kissed her—pass a light."

PART TWO.

"Molly Meade, well, I declare!
 Who'd have thought of seeing you,
 After what occurred last night,
 Out here on the Avenue!
 Oh, you awful! awful girl!
 There, don't blush, I saw it all."
 "Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night—
 At the Mather's—in the hall."
 "Oh, you horrid—where were you?
 Wasn't he the biggest goose!
 Most men must be caught, but he
 Ran his own neck in the noose.
 I was almost dead to dance,
 I'd have done it if I could,
 But old Grey said I must stop,
 And I promised Ma I would.

So I looked up sweet, and said
 That I'd rather talk to him;
 Hope he didn't see me laugh,
 Luckily the lights were dim.
 My, how he *did* squeeze my hand!
 And he looked up in my face
 With his lovely big brown eyes—
 Really, it's a dreadful ease.
 'Earnest!'—I should think he was!
 Why, I thought I'd have to laugh
 When he kissed a flower he took,
 Looking, oh! like such a calf.
 I suppose he's got it now,
 In a wine-glass on his shelves;
 It's a mystery to me
 Why men *will* deceive themselves.
 'Saw him kiss me!'—Oh, you wretch;
 Well, he begged so hard for one—
 And I thought there'd no one know—
 So I—let him, just for fun.
 I know it really wasn't right
 To trifle with his feelings, dear,
 But men *are* such stuck-up things;
 He'll recover—never fear."

RETROSPECTION.

I'd wandered, for a week or more,
 Through hills, and dells, and doleful
 green'ry,
 Lodging at any carnal door,
 Sustaining life on pork, and scenery.
 A weary scribe, I'd just let slip
 My collar, for a short vacation,
 And started on a walking trip,
 That cheapest form of dissipation—

And vilest, oh! confess my pen,
 That I, prosaic, rather hate your
 "Ode to a Sky-lark" sort of men;
 I really am not fond of Nature.
 Mad longing for a decent meal
 And decent clothing overcame me;
 There came a blister on my heel—
 I gave it up; and who can blame
 me?



"I GAVE IT UP, AND WHO CAN BLAME ME?"

'Then wrote my "Pulse of Nature's Heart,"
Which I procured some little cash on,

And quickly packed me to depart
In search of "gilded haunts" of fashion,
Which I might puff at column rates,
To please my host and meet my
reckoning;
"Base is the slave who"—hesitates
When wealth and pleasure both are
beckoning.

I sought; I found. Among the swells
I had my share of small successes,
Made languid love to languid belles
And penn'd descriptions of their dresses.
Ah! Millionairess Millicent,
How fair you were! How you adored
me!



AH! MILLIONAIRESS MILLICENT, HOW FAIR YOU WERE!"

How many tender hours we spent—
And, oh, beloved, how you bored me!

APRIL, 1871.

Refracted by the frolic glass
Of Fancy, play with change incessant?

JUNE, 1874.

Is not that fragmentary bit
Of my young verse a perfect prism,
Where worldly knowledge, pleasant wit,
True humor, kindly cynicism,

Great Caesar! What a sweet young ass
I must have been, when adolescent!

AUGUST, 1886.

“WHAT! GIVE UP FLIRTATION? CHANGE DIMPLES
FOR FROWNS?”

Painted by Francis Day.



FRANCIS DAY

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

So you're going to give up flirtation, my
dear,

And lead a life sober and quiet?

There, there, I don't doubt the intention's
sincere,

What! Give up flirtation? Change dim-
ples for frowns?

Why, Nell, what's the use? You're so pretty,

That your beauty all sense of your wicked-
ness drowns.



"THE MISCHIEF YOUR EYES HAVE BEEN MAKING!"

But wait till occasion shall try it.—

Is Ramsay engaged?

Now, don't look enraged!

You like him, I know—don't deny it!

When, some time, in country or city,

Your fate comes at last,

We'll forgive all the past,

And think of you only with pity.

Indeed!—so “you feel for the woes of my sex!”

‘The legions of hearts you’ve been breaking
Your conscience affright, and your reckoning perplex

Whene’er an account you’ve been taking!”

“I’d scarcely believe
How deeply you grieve
At the mischief your eyes have been making!”

Now, Nellie!—Flirtation’s the leaven of life;

It lightens its doughy compactness.
Don’t always—the world with deception is rife—

Construe what men say with exactness!
I pity the girl,

In society’s whirl,
Who’s troubled with matter-of-factness.

A pink is a beautiful flower in its way,
But rosebuds and violets are charming,
Men don’t wear the same *boutonnière* every day,

Taste changes.—Flirtation alarming!
If e’er we complain,
You then may refrain,
Your eyes of their arrows disarming.

Ah, Nellie, be sensible. Pr’ythee, give heed
To counsel a victim advances;
Your eyes, I acknowledge, will make our hearts bleed,

Pierced through by love’s magical lances.
But better that fate
Than in darkness to wait,
Unsought by your mischievous glances.

A REFORMER.

You call me trifler, *fainéant*,
And bid me give my life an aim!—
You’re most unjust, dear. Hear me out,
And own your hastiness to blame.
I live with but a single thought;
My inmost heart and soul are set
On one sole task—a mighty one—
To simplify our alphabet.

Five vowel sounds we use in speech;
They’re A, and E, I, O, and U:
I mean to cut them down to four.
You “wonder what good *that* will do!”
Why, this cold earth will bloom again,
Eden itself be half re-won,
When breaks the dawn of my success
And U and I at last are one.

IN THE RECORD ROOM, SURROGATE'S OFFICE.

A TOMB where legal ghouls grow fat;
Where buried papers, fold on fold,
Crumble to dust, that 'thwart the sun
Floats dim, a pallid ghost of gold.
The day is dying. All about,
Dark, threat'ning shadows lurk; but
still
I ponder o'er a dead girl's name
Fast fading from a dead man's will.

Katrina Harland, fair and sweet,
Sole heiress of your father's land,
Full many a gallant wooer rode
To snare your heart, to win your hand.
And one, perchance—who loved you best,
Feared men might sneer—"he sought
her gold"—
And never spoke, but turned away,
Stubborn and proud, to call you cold.

Cold? Would I knew! Perhaps you
loved,
And mourned him all a virgin life.
Perhaps forgot his very name
As happy mother, happy wife.
Unanswered, sad, I turn away—
"You loved *her* first, then?" First—
well—no—
You little goose, the Harland will
Was proved full sixty years ago.

But Katrine's lands to-day are known
To lawyers as the Glass House tract;
Who were her heirs, no record shows;
The title's bad, in point of fact,
If she left children, at her death,
I've been retained to clear the title;
And all the questions, raised above,
Are, you'll perceive, extremely vital.

DE LUNATICO.

THE squadrons of the sun still hold
The western hills, their armor glances,
Their crimson banners wide unfold,
Low-levelled lie their golden lances.
The shadows lurk along the shore,
Where, as our row-boat lightly passes,
The ripples, startled by our oar,
Hide murmuring 'neath the hanging
grasses.

Your eyes are downcast, for the light
Is lingering on your lids—forgetting
How late it is—for one last sight
Of you the sun delays his setting.



"THE SHADOWS
LURK ALONG
THE SHORE."

One hand droops idly from the boat,
 And round the white and swaying
 fingers,
 Like half-blown lilies gone afloat,
 The amorous water, toying, lingers.

I see you smile behind your book,
 Your gentle eyes concealing, under
 Their drooping lids a laughing look
 That's partly fun, and partly wonder
 That I, a man of presence grave,
 Who fight for bread 'neath Themis'
 banner
 Should all at once begin to rave
 In this—I trust—Aldrichian manner.

They say our lake is—sad, but true—
 The mill-pond of a Yankee village,

Its swelling shores devoted to
 The various forms of kitchen tillage;
 That you're no more a maiden fair,
 And I no lover, young and glowing;
 Just an old, sober, married pair,
 Who, after tea, have gone out rowing.

Ah, dear, when memories, old and sweet,
 Have fooled my reason thus, believe
 me,
 Your eyes can only help the cheat,
 Your smile more thoroughly deceive
 me.
 I think it well that men, dear wife,
 Are sometimes with such madness
 smitten,
 Else little joy would be in life,
 And little poetry be written.

AFTER THE GERMAN.

A SOPHOMORE SOLILOQUY.

BLACKBOARD, with ruler and rubber before
 me,
 Chalk loosely held in my hand,
 Sun-gilded motes in the air all around
 me,
 Listlessly dreaming I stand.

What do I care for the problem I've
 written
 In characters gracefully slight,
 As the festal-robed beauties whose fairy
 feet flitted
 Through the maze of the German last
 night!

What do I care for the lever of friction,
 For sine, or co-ordinate plane

When fairy musicians are playing the
 " Mabel,"
 And waltzes each nerve in my brain!

On my coat's powdered chalk, not the dust
 of the diamond
 That only last night sparkled there,
 By the galop's wild whirl shower'd down
 on my shoulder
 From turbulent tresses of hair.

In my ear is the clatter of chalk against
 blackboard,
 Not music's voluptuous swell;
 Alas! this is life,—so pass mortal pleasures,
 And,—thank goodness, there goes the
 bell!

“SEE HER AT PRAYER. HER PLEADING HANDS
BEAR NOT ONE GEM OF ALL HER STORE.”

Painted by Francis Dav.



A ROSEBUD IN LENT.

You saw her last, the ball-room's belle,
A *soufflé*, lace and roses blent;
Your worldly worship moved her then;
She does not know you now, in Lent.

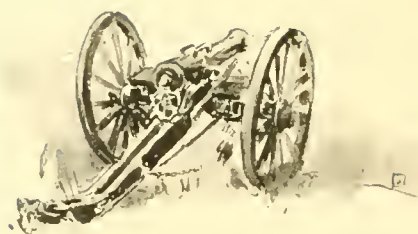
Turn, turn away! But carry hence
The lesson she has dumbly taught—
That bright young creature kneeling there
With every feeling, every thought



* YOU SAW HER LAST, THE BALL-ROOM'S BELLE."

See her at prayer! Her pleading hands
Bear not one gem of all her store.
Her face is saint-like. Be rebuked
By those pure eyes, and gaze no more.

Absorbed in high and holy dreams
Of—new Spring dresses, truth to say
To them the time is sanctified
From Shrove-tide until Easter day.



PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.

THE lights blaze high in our brilliant
rooms;

Fair are the maidens who throng our
halls;

Soft, through the warm and perfumed air,
The languid music swells and falls.

The "Seventh" dances and flirts to-night—

All we are fit for, so they say,

We fops and weaklings, who masquerade
As soldiers, sometimes, in black and
gray.

We can manage to make a street parade,

But, in a fight, we'd be sure to run.

Defend you! pshaw, the thought's absurd!

How about April, sixty-one?

What was it made your dull blood thrill?

Why did you cheer, and weep, and pray?

Why did each pulse of your hearts mark
time

To the tramp of the boys in black and
gray?

You've not forgotten the nation's call

When down in the South the war-cloud
burst;

"Troops for the front!" Do you ever think

Who answered, and marched, and got
there *first*?

Whose bayonets first scared Maryland?

Whose were the colors that showed the
way?

Who set the step for the marching North?

Some holiday soldiers in black and
gray.

"Pretty boys in their pretty suits!"

"Too pretty by far to take under fire!"

A pretty boy in a pretty suit

Lay once in Bethel's bloody mire.

The first to fall in the war's first fight—

Raise him tenderly. Wash away

The blood and mire from the pretty suit;

For Winthrop died in the black and
gray.

In the shameful days in sixty-three,

When the city fluttered in abject fear,

'Neath the mob's rude grasp, who ever
thought—

"God! if the Seventh were only here!"

Our drums were heard—the ruffian crew

Grew tired of riot the self-same day—

By chance of course—you don't suppose

They feared the dandies in black and
gray!

So we dance and flirt in our listless style

While the waltzes dream in the drill-
room arch,

What would we do if the order came,
Sudden and sharp—"Let the Seventh
march!"
Why, we'd faint, of course; our cheeks
would pale
Our knees would tremble, our fears—
but stay
That order I think has come ere this
To those holiday troops in black and
gray.

"What would we do!" We'd drown our
drums
In a storm of cheers, and the drill-room
floor
Would ring with rifles. Why, you fools,
We'd do as we've always done before!
Do our duty! Take what comes
With laugh and jest, be it feast or fray—
But we're dandies—yes, for we'd rather die
Than sully the pride of our black and gray.



A SONG.



I shouldn't like to say,
I'm sure,
I shouldn't like to say,
Why I think of you more,
and more, and more
As day flits after day.
Nor why I see in the
summer skies
Only the beauty of your
sweet eyes,
The power by which you sway
A kingdom of hearts, that little you prize—
I shouldn't like to say.

I shouldn't like to say, I'm sure,
I shouldn't like to say
Why I hear your voice, so fresh and pure,
In the dash of the laughing spray.

Nor why the wavelets that all the while,
In many a diamond-glittering file,
With truant sunbeams play,
Should make me remember your rippling
smile—
I shouldn't like to say.

I shouldn't like to say, I'm sure,
I shouldn't like to say,
Why all the birds should chirp of you,
Who live so far away.
Robin and oriole sing to me
From the leafy depths of our apple-
tree,
With trunk so gnarled and gray—
But why your name should their burden
be
I shouldn't like to say.

MAKING NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

SHINING patent-leather,
Tie of spotless white;
Through the muddy weather
Rushing 'round till night.
Gutters all o'erflowing,
Like Niagara Falls;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Making New Year's calls.

Rushing up the door-step,
Ringing at the bell—
"Mrs. Jones receive to-day?"
"Yes, sir." "Very well."

Sending in your pasteboard,
Waiting in the halls,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Making New Year's calls.

Skiping in the parlor,
Bowing to the floor,
Lady of the house there
Half a dozen more;
Ladies' dresses gorgeous,
Paniers, waterfalls,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Making New Year's calls.

"Wish you Happy New Year"—

"Many thanks, I'm sure."

"Many calls, as usual?"

"No; I think they're fewer."

Staring at the carpet,

Gazing at the walls;

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

"Really, I must go now,

Wish I had more leisure."

"Wont you have a glass of wine?"

"Ah, thanks!—greatest pleasure."

Try to come the graceful,

Till your wine-glass falls;

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

Hostess looks delighted—

Out of doors you rush;

Sit down at the crossing,

In a sea of slush.

Job here for your tailor—

Herr Von Schneiderthals—

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

Pick yourself up slowly,

Heart with anguish torn;

Sunday-go-to-meetings

In a state forlorn.

Kick a gibing boot-black,

Gibing boot-black bawls,

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

Home, and woo the downy,

But your soul doth quake,

At most fearful night-mares—

Turkey, oysters, cake.

While each leaden horror

That your rest appalls,

Cries, "Dear heart! how pleasant,

Making New Year's calls."

“READING? YES, BUT NOT FROM A NOVEL.
FISHING! TRULY, BUT NOT WITH A ROD.”

Painted by Francis Day.



FISHING.

"HARRY, where have you been all morning?"

"Down at the pool in the meadow-brook."

"Fishing?" "Yes, but the trout were wary,

Couldn't induce them to take a hook."

"Why, look at your coat! You must have fallen,

Your back's just covered with leaves and moss."

How he laughs! Good-natured fellow!

Fisherman's luck makes most men cross.

"Nellie, the Wrights have called. Where were you?"

"Under the tree, by the meadow-brook, Reading, and oh, it was too lovely:

I never saw such a charming book."

The charming book must have pleased her, truly,

There's a happy light in her bright young eyes,

And she hugs the cat with unusual fervor

To staid old Tabby's intense surprise.

Reading? yes, but not from a novel.

Fishing! truly, but not with a rod.

The line is idle, the book neglected—

The water-grasses whisper and nod.

The fisherman bold and the earnest reader

Sit talking — of what? Perhaps the weather.

Perhaps—no matter—whate'er the subject,

It brings them remarkably close together.

It causes his words to be softly spoken,

With many a lingering pause between,

The while the sunbeams chase the shadows

Over the mosses, gray and green.



"THE FAIREST PRIZE EVER BROUGHT FROM A MORNING'S FISHING."

Blushes are needful for its discussion,

And soft, shy glances from downcast eyes,

In whose blue depths are lying hidden

Loving gladness, and sweet surprise.

Trinity Chapel is gay this evening, Filled with beauty, and flowers, and light,	The ring is on, the vows are spoken, And smiling friends, good fortune wishing,
A captive fisherman stands at the altar, With Nellie beside him all in white.	Tell him his is the fairest prize Ever brought from a morning's fishing.

JACK AND ME.

SHINE!—All right; here y'are, boss! Do it for jest five cents. Get 'em fixed in a minute,— That is, 'f nothing perwents. Set your foot right there, sir. Mornin's kinder cold,— Goes right through a feller, When his coat's a-gittin' old. Well, yes,—call it a coat, sir, Though 'taint much more'n a tear; Git another!—I can't, boss; Aint got the stamps to spare. "Make as much as most on 'em!" Yes; but then, yer see, They've only got one to do for,— There's two on us, Jack and me. Him?—Why, that little feller With a curus lookin' back, Sittin' there on the gratin', Warmin' hisself,—that's Jack. Used to go round sellin' papers, The cars there was his lay; But he got shoved off of the platform Under the wheels, one day.	Fact,—the conductor did it,— Gin him a reg'lar throw,— He didn't care if he killed him; Some on 'em is just so. He's never been all right since, sir, Sorter quiet and queer; Him and me goes together, He's what they call cashier. Style, that 'ere, for a boot-black,— Made the fellers laugh; Jack and me had to take it, But we don't mind no chaff. Trouble!—not much, you bet, boss! Sometimes, when biz is slack, I don't know how I'd manage If 't wa'n't for little Jack. You jest once orter hear him: He says we needn't care How rough luck is down here, sir, If some day we git up there. All done now,—how's that, sir? Shines like a pair of lamps. Mornin'!—Give it to Jack, sir, He looks after the stamps.
--	---



LES ENFANTS PERDUS.

WHAT has become of the children all?

How have the darlings vanished?

Fashion's pied piper, with magical air,
Has wooed them away, with their flaxen
hair

And laughing eyes, we don't know where,

And no one can tell where they're ban-
ished.

"Where are the children?" cries Madam
Haut-ton,

"Allow me, my sons and daughters,—

Fetch them, Annette!" What, madam,
those?

Children! such exquisite belles and beaux:
True, they're in somewhat shorter clothes

Than the most of Dame Fashion's sup-
porters.

Good day, Master Eddy! Young man
about town,—

A merchant down in the swamp's son;

In a neat little book he makes neat little
bets;

He doesn't believe in the shop cigarettes,

But does his own rolling,— and has for his
pets

Miss Markham and Lydia Thompson.

He and his comrades can drink champagne
Like so many juvenile Comuses;

If you want to insult him, just talk of boys'
play,—

Why, even on billiards he's almost *blasé*,

Drops in at Delmonico's three times a day,
And is known at Jerry Thomas's.

And here comes Miss Agnes. Good morn-
ing! "*Bon jour!*"

Now, isn't that vision alarming?

Silk with panier, and puffs, and lace

Deeking a figure of corsetted grace;

Her words are minced, and her spoiled
young face

Wears a simper far from charming.

Thirteen only a month ago,—

Notice her conversation:

Fashion—that bonnet of Nellie Perroy's—

And now, in a low, confidential voice,

Of Helena's treatment of Tommy Joyce— Folly filling each curly head,
 Aged twelve-- that's the last flirtation. Premature vices, childhood dead,



"THAT BONNET OF NELLIE PURROY'S."

What has become of the children, then? Blighted blossoms—can it be said
 How can an answer be given? "Of *such* is the kingdom of heaven?"

FROST-BITTEN.



The white flakes fluttered about our lamps;
 Our wheels were hushed in the sleeping
 snow.

Her white arms nestled amid her furs;
 Her hands half-held, with languid grace,
 Her fading roses; fair to see
 Was the dreamy look in her sweet, young
 face.

We were driving home from the "Patri- I watched her, saying never a word,
 archs!" — For I would not waken those dreaming
 Molly Lefèvre and I, you know; eyes.

The breath of the roses filled the air,
And my thoughts were many, and far
from wise.
At last I said to her, bending near,
"Ah, Molly Lefèvre, how sweet 'twould
be
To ride on dreaming, all our lives,
Alone with the roses—you and me.'
Her sweet lips faltered, her sweet eyes
fell,
And, low as the voice of a Summer
rill,
Her answer came. It was—"Yes, per-
haps—
But who would settle our carriage bill?"
The dying roses breathed their last,
Our wheels rolled loud on the stones
just then,
Where the snow had drifted; the subject
dropped.
It has never been taken up again.

"A LADY IN SEALSKIN—EYES OF BLUE,
AND TANGLED TRESSES OF SNOW-FLECKED GOLD."

Painted by Francis Dav.



FRANCIS DAY

CHRISTMAS GREENS.



Oh, Lowbury pastor is
fair and young,
By far too good for a
single life,
And many a maiden,
saith gossip's tongue,
Would fain be Low-
bury pastor's wife:
So his book-marks are 'broidered in crim-
son and gold,
And his slippers are, really, a "sight to
behold."

That's Lowbury pastor sitting there
On the cedar boughs by the chancel rails;
His face is clouded with carking care,
For it's nearly five, the daylight fails—
The church is silent,—the girls all gone,
And the Christmas wreaths not nearly
done.

Two tiny boots crunch-crunch the snow,
They saucily stamp at the transept door,
And then up to the pillared aisle they go
Pit-pat, click-clack, on the marble floor—
A lady fair doth that pastor see,
And he saith, "Oh, bother, it isn't she!"

A lady in seal-skin—eyes of blue,
And tangled tresses of snow-flecked
gold—
She speaks, "Good gracious! can this be
you,
Sitting alone in the dark and cold?
The rest all gone! Why it wasn't right;
These texts will never be done to-night."

She sits her down at her pastor's feet,
And, wreathing evergreen, weaves her
wiles,
Heart-piercing glances bright and fleet,
Soft little sighs, and shy little smiles;
But the pastor is solemnly sulky and glum,
And thinketh it strange that "she" doesn't
come.

Then she tells him earnestly, soft and
low,
How she'd do her part in this world of
strife,
And humbly look to him to know
The path that her feet should tread
through life—
Her pastor yawneth behind his hat,
And wondereth what she is driving at.

Crunch-crunch again on the snow outside—
The pastor riseth unto his feet,
The vestry door is opened wide,
A dark-eyed maid doth the pastor greet;
And that lady fair can see and hear
Her pastor kiss her, and call her "dear."

“Why, Maud!” “Why, Nelly!” those
 damsels cry;
 But lo, what troubles that lady fair?
On Nelly’s finger there meets her eye
 The glow of a diamond solitaire,
And she thinks, as she sees the glittering
 ring,
“And so she’s got him—the hateful
 thing!”

There sit they all ’neath the Christmas-
 tree,
 For Mand is determined that she wont
 go;
The pastor is cross as a man can be,
 And Nelly would like to pinch her so;
And they go on wreathing the text again—
It is “Peace on earth and good-will
 towards men.”



CHINESE LANTERNS.

THROUGH the windows on the park
Float the waltzes, weirdly sweet,
In the light, and in the dark,
Rings the chime of dancing feet.
Mid the branches, all a-row,
Fiery jewels gleam and glow;
Dreamingly we walk beneath,—
Ah, so slow!

Ah! those deep, alluring eyes,
 Quiet as a haunted lake;
 In their depths the passion lies
 Half in slumber, half awake.
 Lay thy warm, white hand in mine,
 Let the fingers clasp and twine,
 While my eager, panting heart
 Beats 'gainst thine.

All the air is full of love;
Misty shadows wrap us round;
Light below and dark above,
Filled with softly-surging sound.
See the forehead of the Night
Garlanded with flowers of light,
And her goblet crowned with wine,
Golden bright.

Bring thy velvet lips a-near,
 Mine are hungry for a kiss,
 Gladly will I sate them, dear;
 Closer, closer,— this,— and this.
 On thy lips love's seal I lay,
 Nevermore to pass away;—
 That was all last night, you know,
 But to-day

Chinese lanterns hung in strings,
 Painted paper, penny dips,—
 Filled with roasted moths and things,
 Greasy with the tallow drips,
 Wet and torn, with rusty wire,
 Blackened by the dying fire;
 Withered flowers, trampled deep
 In the mire.

Chinese lanterns, Bernstein's band,
 Belladonna, lily white,
 These made up the fairy-land
 Where I wandered all last night;
 Ruled in all its rosy glow
 By a merry Queen, you know,
 Jolly, dancing, laughing, witching,
 Veuve Cliquot.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"—
 So the parson preaches;
 That's one-half the Decalogue,—
 So the Prayer-book teaches.
 Half my duty I can do
 With but little labor,
 For with all my heart and soul
 I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit, that,
 To my self-denial;
 Not to love her, though, might be
 Something of a trial.
 Why, the rosy light, that peeps
 Through the glass above her,
 Lingers round her lips;—you see
 E'en the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more
 I'll go beyond the letter;
 Love my neighbor as myself?
 Yes, and ten times better.
 For she's sweeter than the breath
 Of the Spring, that passes
 Through the fragrant, budding woods,
 O'er the meadow-grasses.



"FOR WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL
 I DO LOVE MY NEIGHBOR."

And I've preached the word I know,
 For it was my duty
 To convert the stubborn heart
 Of the little beauty.
 Once again success has crowned
 Missionary labor,
 For her sweet eyes own that she
 Also loves her neighbor.

EIGHT HOURS.

"Sign the petition!" "Write my name!"

"She said, ask me!"—oh, she's fooling;
Where do you think a girl like me

Could find the time for so much school-
ing?

Why, I've been here since I was eight or
so—

That's ten years now—and it seems like
longer;

The hours are from eight till six—you see

It wears one out—I once was stronger.

"A bad cough!" Oh, that's nothing, sir;

It comes from the dust, and bending
over.

It hurts me sometimes—no, not now.

"This!" why, a flower, a bit of clover;

I picked it up as I came to work—

It grew in the grass in some one's airy,

Where it stood, and nodded all alone

Like a little green-cloaked, white-
capped fairy.

"Fond of flowers!" I like them—yes—

Though, goodness knows, I don't see
many—

I'd have to buy them—they cost so much—

And I never can spare a single penny.

"Go to the park!"—how can I, sir?

The only day that I have is Sunday;

And then there's always so much to do

That before I know it, almost, it's Mon-
day.

Like it, sir, like it!—why, when I think

Of the woods, and the brook with the
cattle drinking—

I was country-bred, sir—my heart swells
so

That I—there, there, what's the use of
thinking!

If I could write, sir—"make a cross,

And let you write my name below
it"—

No, please; I'm ashamed I can't, some-
times—

I don't want all the girls to know it.

And what's the use of it, anyway?

They'll just say shortly, with careless
faces,

"If you're not suited, you'd better
leave"—

There's plenty of girls to fill our places.

They're kind enough to their own, no
doubt—

Our head just worships his own young
daughter,

Just my age, sir—she's gone away

To spend the Summer across the water.

But *us*—oh, well, we're only "hands,"

Do you think to please us they'll bear
losses?

No, not a cent's worth—ah, you'll see—

I'm a working girl, sir, and I know
bosses.

“HOW THE OLD PORTRAITS TAKE YOU BACK.”

Painted by Francis Day.

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OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Old lady, put your glasses on,
With polished lenses, mounting golden,
And once again look slowly through
The album olden.



How the old portraits take you back
To friends who once would 'round you
gather—
All scattered now, like frosted leaves
In blustering weather.

Why, who is this, the bright coquette?
Her eyes with Love's bright arrows
laden—
"Poor Nell, she's living single yet,—
An ancient maiden."

And this, the fragile poetess?
Whose high soul-yearnings nought can
smother—
"She's stouter far than I am now,
A kind grandmother."

Who is this girl with flowing curls,
Who on the golden future muses?
"What splendid hair she had!—and now
A 'front' she uses."

And this? "Why, if it's not my own;
And did I really e'er resemble
That bright young creature? Take the
book—
My old hands tremble.

"It seems that only yesterday
We all were young; ah, how time
passes!"
Old lady, put the album down,
And wipe your glasses.

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

A TRILOGY.

I.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—A. D. 1880.

"THANK you—much obliged, old boy,
Yes, it's so; report says true.
I'm engaged to Nell Latine—
What else could a fellow do?
Governor was getting fierce;
Asked me, with
paternal frown,
When I meant to go
to work,
Take a wife, and
settle down.
Stormed at my extra-
vagance,
Talked of cutting
off supplies—
Fairly bullied me,
you know—
Sort of thing that
I despise.
Well, you see, I lost
worst way
At the races—Gov-
ernor raged—
So, to try and smooth
him down,
I went off, and got engaged.
Sort of put-up job, you know—
All arranged with old Latine—
Nellie raved about it first,
Said her 'pa was awful mean!"



"CALL THERE OFTEN SIT AND CHAT."

Now it's done we don't much mind—
Tell the truth, I'm rather glad;
Looking at it every way,
One must own it isn't bad.
She's good-looking, rather rich,—
Mother left her quite a pile;
Dances, goes out everywhere;
Fine old family, real good style.

Then she's good, as
girls go now,
Some idea of wrong
and right,
Don't let every man
she meets
Kiss her, on the
self-same night.
We don't do affection
much,
Nell and I are real
good friends,
Call there often, sit
and chat,
Take her 'round,
and there it ends.
Spooning! Well, I
tried it once—
Acted like an awful
calf—

Said I really loved her. Gad!
You should just have heard her laugh.
Why, she ran me for a month,
Teased me till she made me wince;
'Mustn't flirt with her,' she said,

So I haven't tried it since.
 'Twould be pleasant to be loved
 Like you read about in books—
 Mingling souls, and tender eyes—
 Love, and that, in all their looks;
 Thoughts of you, and no one else;
 Voice that has a tender ring,
 Sacrifices made, and—well—
 You know—all that sort of thing.
 That's all worn-out talk, they say,
 Don't see any of it now—
 Spooning on your *fiancée*
 Isn't good style, anyhow.
 Just suppose that one of us,—
 Nell and me, you know—some day
 Got like that on some one else—
 Might be rather awkward—eh!
 All in earnest, like the books—
 Wouldn't it be awful rough!
 Jove! if I—but pshaw, what bosh!
 Nell and I are safe enough.—
 Some time in the Spring, I think;
 Be on hand to wish us joy?
 Be a groomsman, if you like—
 Lots of wine—good-bye, old boy.”

II.

UP THE AISLE.—A. D. 1881.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil,
 Jenny,—
 How silly to cover one's face!
 I might as well be an old woman,
 But then there's one comfort—it's lace.
 Well, what has become of those ushers?—
 Oh, Pa, have you got my bouquet?
 I'll freeze standing here in the lobby,
 Why doesn't the organist play?

They've started at last—what a bustle!
 Stop, Pa!—they're not far enough—
 wait!
 One minute more—now! Do keep step,
 Pa!
 There, drop my trail, Jane!—is it
 straight?
 I hope I look timid, and shrinking!
 The church must be perfectly full—
 Good gracious, please don't walk so fast,
 Pa!
 He don't seem to think that trains pull.
 The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa!—
 I don't feel embarrassed at all—
 But, my! What's the minister saying?
 Oh, I know, that part 'bout Saint Paul.
 I hope my position is graceful—
 How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!
 “Not lawfully be joined together,
 Now speak”—as if any one would.
 Oh, dear, now it's my turn to answer—
 I do wish that Pa would stand still.
 “Serve him, love, honor, and keep him”—
 How sweetly he says it—I will.
 Where's Pa?—there, I knew he'd forget it
 When the time came to give me away—
 “I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—
 And”—well, I can't help it,—“obey.”
 Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't
 drop it—
 I hope Charley's not lost the ring!
 Just like him!—no—goodness, how heavy!
 It's really an elegant thing.
 It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—
 And the flounce real old lace—but I
 must—
 I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
 They're usually covered with dust.

All over—ah, thanks!—now, don't fuss,
Pa!—

Just throw back my veil, Charley—
there!

Oh, bother! Why couldn't he kiss me

Without mussing up all my hair!

Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—

Who'd think there would be such a
crowd!



"YOUR ARM, CHARLEY, THERE GOES THE ORGAN."

Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten,—

See, Charley, who was it that bowed?

Why—it's Nellie Allaire, with her
husband—

She's awfully jealous, I know;

Most all of my things were imported,

And she had a home-made *trousseau*,

And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate
Hermon—

I didn't expect her at all—

If she's not in that same old blue satin

She wore at the Charity Ball!

Is that Fanny Wade?—Edith Pommerton—

And Emma, and Jo—all the girls!

I knew they'd not miss my wedding—

I hope they'll all notice my pearls.

Is the carriage there?—give me my cloak,
Jane,

Don't get it all over my veil—

No! you take the other seat, Charley—

I need all of this for my trail.

III.

DIVORCE.—A. D. 1886.

The Club Window.

"Yes, I saw her pass with 'that scoundrel'—

For heaven's sake, old man, keep cool!

No end of the fellows are watching—

Go easy, don't act like a fool!

'Parading *your* shame!'—I don't see it.

It's *hers* now, alone; for at last

You drove her to give you good reason,

Divorced her, and so it's all passed.

For *you*, I mean; she has to bear it—

Poor child—the reproach and the shame;

I'm your friend—but come, hang it, old
fellow,

I swear you were somewhat to blame.

'What the deuce do I mean?' Well, I'll
tell you,

Though it's none of my business. Here!

Just light a cigar, and keep quiet—

You *started* wrong, Charley Leeclear.

You weren't in love when you married—

'Nor she!'—well, I know, but she tried

To keep it dark. You wouldn't let her,

But laughed at her for it. Her pride

Wouldn't stand that, you know. Did you
ever

See a spirited girl in your life,

Who would patiently pose to be pitied

As a 'patient Griselda'-like wife

When her husband neglects her so plainly
 As you did?—although, on the whole,
 When the wife is the culprit, I've noticed
 It's rather the favorite rôle.
 So she flirted a little—in public—
 She'd chances enough and to spare,
 Ah, *then* if you'd only turned jealous—
 But you didn't notice nor care.
 Then her sickness came—even we fellows
 All thought you behaved like a scrub,
 Leaving her for the nurse to take care of,
 While you spent your time at the club.
 She never forgave you. How could she?
 If I'd been in her place myself,
 By Jove, I'd have *left* you. She didn't,
 But told all her woes to Jack Guelph.
 When a girl's lost all love for her husband,
 And is cursed with a masculine friend
 To confide in, and he is a blackguard,
 She isn't far off from the end.

You were right enough there—she'd
 levanted
 With Guelph, and you'd no other course.
 What I mean is, if you'd acted squarely,
 The row would have never occurred,
 And for *you* to be doing the tragic
 Strikes me as a little absurd.
 As it stands, you've the best of the
 bargain,
 And she's got a good deal the worst;
 Leave it there, and—just touch the bell,
 will you?
 You're nearest. I'm dying of thirst."

IV.

AT AFTERNOON TEA.

"'Is New York!' Yes, I met her this
 morning.
 I knew her in spite of her paint;



"SHE IS N'T FAR OFF FROM THE END."

Oh, I'm through—of *course* nobody blamed
 you
 In the end, when you got your divorce—
 And Guelph, too, poor fellow, was with
 her;
 I felt really nervous, and faint,

When he bowed to me, looking *so* pleading—

I cut him, of course. Wouldn't you?
If I meet him alone, I'll explain it;

But knowing *her*, what could I do?
Poor fellow! He looks sadly altered—

I think it a sin, and a shame,
The way he was wrecked by that *creature*!
I *know* he was never to blame.

He never suspected. He liked her—
He'd known her for most of his life—
And, of course, it *was* quite a temptation

To run off with another man's wife.
At his age, you know—barely thirty—
So romantic, and makes such a noise
In one's club—why, one *can't* but excuse
him,

Now *can* one, dear? Boys will be boys.
I've known him so long—why, he'd come
here

And talk to me just like a son.
It's my duty—I feel as a mother—

To save him; the thing can be done
Very easily. First, I must show him
How grossly the woman deceived
And entrapped him.—It made such a
scandal,

You know, that he *can't* be received
At all, any more, till he drops her—

He'll certainly not be so mad
As to hold to her still. Oh, I know him
So well—I'm quite sure he'll be glad,
On *any* excuse, to oblige me
In a matter so trifling indeed.

Then the way will be clear. *He'll* receive
him,

And the rest will soon follow our lead.
We must keep our eyes on him more closely

Hereafter; young men of his wealth
And position are so sorely tempted
To waste time, and fortune, and health
In frivolous pleasures and pastimes,

That there's but one safeguard in life
For them and their money—we've seen it—
A really nice girl for a wife.

Too bad you've no daughter! My Mamie
Had influence with him for good
Before this affair—when he comes here
She'll meet him, I'm sure, as she
should—

That is, as if nothing had happened—

And greet him with sisterly joy;
Between us I know we can *save* him.

I'll write him to-morrow, poor boy."

“THE FEET THAT KISSED ITS PAVEMENT
ARE DEEP IN COUNTRY GRASS.”

Painted by Francis Day.



FRANCIS DAY

THE "STAY-AT-HOME'S" PLAINT.

THE Spring has grown to Summer;
The sun is fierce and high;
The city shrinks, and withers
Beneath the burning sky,
Ailantus trees are fragrant,
And thicker shadows cast,
Where berry-girls, with voices shrill,
And watering-carts go past.

In offices like ovens
We sit without our coats;
Our cuffs are moist and shapeless,
No collars bind our throats.
We carry huge umbrellas
On Broad Street and on Wall,
Oh, how thermometers go up!
And, oh, how stocks *do* fall!

The nights are full of music,
Melodious Tenton troops
Beguile us, calmly smoking
On balconies and stoops.
With eyes half-shut, and dreamy,
We watch the fire-flies' spark,
And image far-off faces,
As day dies into dark.

The avenue is lonely,
The houses choked with dust;
The shutters, barred and bolted,
The bell-knobs all a-rust.
No blossom-like spring dresses,
No faces young and fair,
From "Dickel's" to "The Brunswick,"
No promenader there.

The girls we used to walk with
Are far away, alas!
The feet that kissed its pavement
Are deep in country grass.



"THE NYMPHS OF ECHO LAKE."

Along the scented hedge-rows,
Among the green old trees,
Are blooming city faces
'Neath rosy-lined pongees.

They're cottaging at Newport;
 They're bathing at Cape May;
 In Saratoga's ball-rooms
 They dance the hours away.
 Their voices through the quiet
 Of haunted Catskill break;
 Or rouse those dreamy dryads,
 The nymphs of Echo Lake.

The hands we've led through Germans,
 And squeezed, perchance, of yore,
 Now deftly grasp the bridle,
 The mallet, and the oar.

The eyes that wrought our ruin
 On other men look down;
 We're but the broken playthings
 They've left behind in town.

Oh, happy Gran'dame Nature,
 Whose wandering children come
 To light with happy faces
 The dear old mother-home,
 Be tender with our darlings,
 Each merry maiden bears
 Such love and longing with her—
 Men's lives are wrapped in theirs.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A PARABLE.

You remember the nursery legend—
 We heard in the early days,
 Ere we knew of the world's deception
 Or walked in its dusty ways,
 And dwelt in the land of
 the fairies,
 Where the air was
 golden haze—

Of the maid, o'er whom
 the Summers
 Of youth passed, like a
 swell
 Of melody all unbrok-
 en,
 Till evil wrought its
 spell,
 And dream-embroidered
 curtains
 Of slumber round her
 fell.

The wood grew up round her castle,
 The centuries o'er it rolled,
 Wrapping its slumb'rous turrets
 In clinging robes of mould,

And her name became a
 legend
 By Winter firesides
 told.

Till the Prince came over
 the mountains
 In the morning-glow of
 youth;
 The forest sank before
 him
 Like wrong before the
 truth,
 And he passed the dim
 old portal,
 With its warders so
 uncouth,



"THE PRINCE IN THE MORNING-GLOW OF YOUTH."

Woke with a kiss the Princess,
 And broke enchantment's chain.
 The sleepy old castle wondered,
 In its cobweb-cumbered brain,
 At the tide of life and pleasure
 That poured through each stony vein.

And so love conquered an evil
 Centuries old in might,
 Scattering drowsy glamour,
 Piercing the murky night,
 Leading from thrall and darkness
 Beauty, and joy, and light.

EASTER MORNING.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
 I told Ma just how it would be.
 I might as well have on a wrapper,
 For there isn't a soul here to see.
 There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
 I declare if it isn't too bad!
 I know my suit cost more than hers did,
 And I wanted to see her look mad.
 I do think that sexton's too stupid—
 He's put some one else in our pew—
 And the girl's dress just kills mine
 completely;
 Now what am I going to do?
 The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
 I don't care, I think it's a sin
 For people to get late to service,
 Just to make a great show coming in.
 Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
 She said she'd a headache last night.
 How mad she'll be after her fussing!
 I declare, it would serve her just right.
 Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have
 you?
 Well, I don't think you need be so proud
 Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it;
 It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
 What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
 To go on the street in light blue!—

And those coat-sleeves—they wore them
 last Summer—
 Don't doubt, though, that she thinks
 they're new.
 Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
 So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
 And thinking so much about fashion!—
 A pretty example of life!
 The altar's dressed sweetly. I wonder
 Who sent those white flowers for the
 font!—
 Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
 Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
 Just look at her now, little humbug!—
 So devout—I suppose she don't know
 That she's bending her head too far over,
 And the ends of her switches all show.
 What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
 That woman will kill me some day,
 With her horrible lilacs and crimsons;
 Why will these old things dress so gay?
 And there's Jenny Welles with Fred
 Tracy—
 She's engaged to him now—horrid
 thing!
 Dear me! I'd keep on my glove some-
 times,
 If I did have a solitaire ring!

How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and
stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!

And it's after twelve now,—how provok-
ing!

I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last! Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.



"AND THE BEAUTIES WE'VE SIGHED FOR ALL SUMMER
ARE HURRYING BACK INTO TOWN."

Painted by Francis Day.



FRANCIS DAY

THE "STAY-AT-HOME'S" PÆAN.



"THE FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN ARE DEAD."

THE evenings are damper and colder,
The maples and sumacs are red,
The wild Equinoctial is coming,
The flowers in the garden are dead.
The steamers are all overflowing,
The railroads are all loaded down,
And the beauties we've sighed for all
Summer
Are hurrying back into town.

They come from the banks of the Hudson,
From the sands of the Branch, and Cape
May;
From the parlors of bright Saratoga,
From the dash of Niagara's spray.
From misty, sea-salt Narragansett,
From Mahopac's magical lake—

They come on their way to new conquests,
They're longing for more hearts to
break.

E'en Newport is dull and deserted—
Its billowy beaches no more
Made bright with sweet, ocean-kissed
faces,
Love's beacon-lights set on the shore.
The rugged White Hills of New Hamp-
shire,
The last of their lovers have seen,
The echoes are left to their slumbers,
No dainty feet thread the ravine.

On West Point's delightful parade-ground
Sighs many a hapless cadet,
Who's basked through the long days of
Summer
In the smiles of a city coquette;
And now the incipient hero
Beholds his enchantress depart,
With the spoils of her lightly won triumph,
His buttons, as well as his heart.

Come, dry your eyes, Grandmother Nature,
They care not a whit for your woe;
The city is calling her daughters—
We can't spare them longer, they know—
Our beautiful, tender-voiced darlings,
With the blue of the deep Summer skies,
And the glow of the bright Summer sun-
shine,
Entrapped in their mischievous eyes.

We know their expenses are awful,
 That horror unspeakable fills
 The souls of unfortunate fathers
 Who foot up their dressmaker's bills,
 That they'd barter their souls for French
 candy;
 That diamonds ruin their peace;
 That they rave over middle-aged actors,
 And in other respects are—well, geese.

We laugh at them, boys, but we love
 them,
 For under their nonsense we know
 They've hearts that are honest and loving,
 And souls that are whiter than snow.
 So ont with that bottle of Roederer!
 Large glasses, boys! Up goes the cork!
 All charged? To the belles of creation—
 The glorious girls of New York.

A SONG.



"HER VOICE IS GENTLE, AND CLEAR AND PURE,
 IT RINGS LIKE THE CHIME OF A SILVER BELL."

SPRING-TIME is coming again, my
 dear;
 Sunshine and violets blue, you
 know;
 Crocuses lifting their sleepy heads
 Out of their sheets of snow.
 And I know a blossom sweeter by far
 Than violets blue, or crocuses are,
 And bright as the sunbeam's glow.
 But how can I dare to look in her
 eyes,
 Colored with heaven's own hue?
 That wouldn't do at all, my dear,
 It really wouldn't do.

Her hair is a rippling, tossing sea;
 In its golden depths the fairies play,
 Beckoning, dancing, mocking there,
 Luring my heart away.
 And her merry lips are the ripest red
 That ever addled a poor man's head,
 Or led his wits astray.
 What wouldn't I give to taste the
 sweets

Of those rose-leaves wet with dew!
But that wouldn't do at all, my dear,
It really wouldn't do.

Her voice is gentle, and clear and pure;
It rings like the chime of a silver bell,
And the thought it wakes in my foolish
head

I'm really afraid to tell.
Her little feet kiss the ground below,
And her hand is white as the whitest snow
That e'er from heaven fell.
But I wouldn't dare to take that hand,
Reward for my love to sue;
That wouldn't do at all, my dear,
It really wouldn't do.

"LE DERNIER JOUR D'UN CONDAMNÉ."

OLD coat, for some three or four seasons
We've been jolly comrades, but now
We part, old companion, forever;
To fate, and the fashion, I bow.
You'd look well enough at a dinner,
I'd wear you with pride at a ball;
But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—
My own—and you'd not do at all.

You've too many wine-stains about you,
You're scented too much with cigars,
When the gas-light shines full on your
collar,
It glitters with myriad stars,
That wouldn't look well at my wedding;
They'd seem inappropriate there—
Nell doesn't use diamond powder,
She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzens's piazza
Too late, when the evenings were damp,
When the moon-beams were silvering
Cro'nest,
And the lights were all out in the camp.
You've rested on highly oiled stairways
Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,

And somebody's ball dress—not Nellie's—
Flowed 'round you in rivers of white.

There's a reprobate looseness about you;
Should I wear you to-night, I believe,



As I come with my bride from the altar,
You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve,
When you felt there the tremulous pressure
Of her hand, in its delicate glove,
That is telling me shyly, but proudly,
Her trust is as deep as her love.

So, go to your grave in the wardrobe,
 And furnish a feast for the moth,
 Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets
 To younger, more innocent cloth.

'Tis time to put on your successor—
 It's made in a fashion that's new;
 Old coat, I'm afraid it will never
 Sit as easily on me as you.

PYROTECHNIC POLYGLOT.

(MADISON SQUARE, JULY 4.)

"HEY, Johnny McGinnis, where are yez?
 I've got a place! Arrah, be quick!"
 Whiz! Boom! "Hooray, there goes a
 rocket;

Hi, Johnny, look out for the shtiek!"

"Confound it, sir! Those are my feet,
 sir!"

"Oh, Pa, lift me up, I can't see."

"Come down out o' that, yez young black-
 guards!"

Div yez want to be killin' the tree?"

"Hooray! look at that!" "Aint it bully!"

"It's stuck!" "No, it aint." "There
 she goes!"

"I wish that you'd speak to this man, Fred,
 He's standing all over my toes."

"Take down that umbrella in front there!"

"My! aint we afraid of our hat!"

"Me heart's fairly broke wid yez shovin'—
 Have done now—what would yez be at?"

"Jehiel, neow haint this jest orful

I 'most wish I hedn't a come;

Such actions I never—one would think

Folks left their perliteness to hum."

"Look here, now, you schoost stop dose
 schovin'."

"By gar, den, get out from ze vay,
 You stupide Dootschmans, villain
 cochon"—

"Kreuz!"—"Peste!"—"Donnerwetter!"
 —"Sacr-r-re!"

"Oh, isn't that cross just too lovely!

So bright, why the light makes me
 wink!"

"Your eyes, dear, are"—"don't be a
 goose, Fred;

What do you suppose folks will think?"
 Crash! Screech! "Och, I'm kilt!"—"Fred,
 what is it?"

"Branch broken—small boy come to
 grief."

"Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! I wants mine
 muzzer!"

"Look out there!" "Police!" "Hi,
 stop thief!"

"Well, father, I guess it's all over;
 Just help Nelly down off the stool."

MORAL.

SUNG:—"Mellican piecee fire bully!"

CHING:—"Mellican man piecee fool."

“YES, JACK, THERE WAS MY BRUNETTE.”

Painted by Francis Day.



FRANCIS DAY

A LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

COME! Why, halloa, that you, Jack?
How's the world been using you?
Want your pipe? it's in the jar—
Think I might be looking blue.
Maud's been breaking off with me;
Fact—see here—I've got the ring.
That's the note she sent it in;
Read it—soothing sort of thing.



"READ IT—SOOTHING SORT OF THING."

Jack, you know I write sometimes—
Must have read some things of mine.
Well, I thought I'd just send Maud
Something for a valentine.
So I ground some verses out
In the softest kind of style,
Full of love, and that, you know—
Bothered me an awful while;
Quite a heavy piece of work.
So when I had got them done—
Why I thought them much too good
Just to waste that way on one.
Jack, I told you, didn't I,

All about that black-eyed girl
Up in Stratford—last July—
Oh! you know; you saw her curl?
Well, old fellow, she's the one
That this row is all about,
For I sent her—who'd have thought
Maud would ever find it out—
Those same verses, word for word—
Hang it, man! you needn't roar—
"Splendid joke!" well, so I thought—
No, don't think so any more.
Yesterday, you know it rained,
I'd been up late—at a ball—
Didn't know what else to do—
Went up and made Maud a call.
Found some other girl there, too,
They were playing a duet.
"Fred, my cousin, Nelly Deane,"—
Yes, Jack, there was my brunette;
You should just have seen me, Jack—
Now, old fellow, please don't laugh,
I feel bad about it—fact—
And I really can't stand chaff.
Well, I tried to talk to Maud;
There was Nell, though, sitting by;
Every now and then she'd laugh,
Sure I can't imagine why.
Maud would read that beastly poem,
Nell's eyes said in just one glance,
"Wont I make you pay for this,
If I ever get the chance!"
Some one came and rang the bell—
Just a note for Nell, by post.
Jack, I saw my monogram—
I'd have rather seen a ghost.

Yes—her verses—I suppose

That her folks had sent them down—

Couldn't get up there, you know—

Till she'd left and come to town.

Nelly looked them quickly through—

Laughed—by Jove, I thought she'd
choke!

"Maud—he'll kill me—dear! oh, dear!—

Read that; isn't it a joke?"

Maud glanced through them—sank right
down

On the sofa—hid her face—

"Crying!"—not much—laughing, Jack—

Don't think she's a hopeless ease.

I just grabbed my hat and left—

Only wish I'd gone before.

How they laughed!—I heard them, Jack—

Till I got outside the door.

There, confession's done me good,

I can never win her back,

So I'll calmly let her slide—

Pass the ash-cup, will you, Jack?



MATINAL MUSINGS.

Ten o'clock! Well, I'm sure I can't help it!

I'm up—go away from the door!

Now, children, I'll speak to your mother

If you pound there like that any more.

How tired I do feel!—Where's that
cushion?—

I don't want to move from this chair;

I wish Marie'd make her appearance!

I really *can't* do my own hair.

I wish I'd not danced quite so often—

I knew I'd feel tired! but it's hard

To refuse a magnificent dancer

If you have a place left on your card

I was silly to wear that green satin,

It's a shame that I've spotted it so—

All down the front breadth—it's just
ruined—

No trimming will hide that, I know.

That's me! Have a costume imported,
 And spoil it the very first night!—
 I might make an overskirt of it,
 That shade looks so lovely with white.

How horrid my eyes look! Good gracious!
 I hope that I didn't catch cold
 Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy;
 If Ma knew that, wouldn't she scold!

She says he's so fast—well, who isn't?—
 Dear! where is Marie?—how it rains!—
 I don't care; he's real nice and handsome,
 And his talk sounds as if he'd some
 brains.

I do wonder what *is* the reason,
 That good men are all like Joe Price,
 So poky, and stiff, and conceited,
 And fast ones are always so nice.

Just see how Joe acted last evening!
 He didn't come near me at all,
 Because I danced twice with Will Stacy
 That night at the Charity Ball.

I didn't care two pins to do it;
 But Joe said I mustn't,—and so—
 I just did—he isn't my master,
 Nor shant be, I'd like him to know.

I don't think he looked at me even,
 Though just to please him I wore
 green,—

And I'd saved him three elegant dances,—
 I wouldn't have acted so mean.

The way he went on with Nell Hadley;
 Dear me! just as if I would care!

I'd like to see those two get married,
 They'd make a congenial pair!

I'm getting disgusted with parties;—
 I think I shall stop going out;
 What's the use of this fussing for people
 I don't care the least bit about.

I *did* think that Joe had some sense once;
 But, my, he's just like all the men!
 And the way that I've gone on about
 him,
 Just see if I do it again!

Only wait till the next time I see him,
 I'll pay him back; wont I be cool!
 I've a good mind to drop him completely—
 I'll—yes I will—go back to school.

The bell!—who can that be, I wonder!—
 Let's see—I declare! why, it's Joe!—
 How long they are keeping him waiting!
 Good gracious! why don't the girl go!—

Yes—say I'll be down in a minute—
 Quick, Marie, and do up my hair!—
 Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes
 it—
 How slow you are!—I'll pin it—there!

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

VINE leaves rustled, moon-
beams shone,
Summer breezes softly
sighed;
You and I were all alone
In a kingdom fair and
wide—
You, a Queen, in all
your pride,
I, a vassal by your
side.

Fairy voices in the leaves
Ceaselessly were whis-
pering:
" 'Tis the time to garner
sheaves—
Let your heart its long-
ing sing;
Place upon her hand a
ring,
Then our Queen shall
know her King."

E'en the moonbeams seemed to learn
Speech when they had kissed your face,
Passing fair—my lips did yearn
To be moonbeams for a space—
"Lo, 'tis fitting time and place!
Speak, and courage will find grace."



"LOOK INTO HER FACE, AND KNOW
THAT SHE IS A JEWEL RARE."

But the night wind mur-
mured low,
Softly brushing back
your hair,
"Look into her face, and
know
That she is a jewel rare,
Worthy of a monarch's
heir;
Who are you that you
should dare!"

Hope died like a frost-
touched flower;
But through all the com-
ing years,
In that quiet evening hour,
When the flowers are all
in tears,
When the heart hath
hopes and fears,
When the day-world dis-
appears,—

If the vine leaves rustle low,
If the moon shine on the sea,
If the night wind softly blow,—
Dreaming of what may not be,—
Well I know that I shall see
Your sweet eyes look down on me.

“THE DEBUTANTES ARE IN FORCE TO-NIGHT,
SWEET AS THEIR ROSES, PURE AS TRUTH.”

Painted by Francis Day.



F. DAY

THE MOTHERS OF THE SIRENS.

THE débutantes are in force to-night,
Sweet as their roses, pure as truth;
Dreams of beauty in clouds of tulle;
Blushing, fair in their guileless youth.
Flashing bright glances carelessly—
Carelessly, think you! Wait and see
How their sweetest smile is kept for him
Whom "mother" considers a good *parti*.

For the matrons watch and guard them
well—
Little for youth or love care they;
The man they seek is the man with gold,
Though his heart be black, and his hair
be gray.
"Nellie, how *could* you treat *him* so!
You know very well he is Goldmore's
heir."
"Jennie, look modest! Glance down and
blush,—
Here comes Papa with young Millionaire."

On a cold, gray rock, in Grecian seas,
The sirens sit, and *their* glamour try—
Warm white bosoms press harps of gold,
The while Ulysses' ship sails by.
Fair are the forms the sailors see,
Sweet are the songs the sailors hear
And—cool and wary, shrewd and old,
The sirens' mothers are watching near,

Whispering counsel—"Fling back your
hair,
It hides your shoulder." "Don't sing
so fast!"
"Darling, *don't* look at that fair young
man,
Try that old fellow there by the mast,
His arms are jewelled"—let it go!
Too bitter all this for an idle rhyme;
But sirens are kin of the gods, be sure,
And change but little with lapse of
time.

A ROMANCE OF THE SAW-DUST.

SUTHIN' to put in a story!
I couldn't think of a thing,
'N' it's nigh unto thirty year now
Since fust I went in the ring.
"The life excitin'?" Thunder!
"Variety," did you say?
You must have cur'us notions
'Bout circuses, anyway.
The things that look so risky
Aint nothin' to us but biz.

"Accidents"—falls and sich like?
Sometimes, in course, there is.
But it's only a slip, or a stumble,
Some feller laid out flat,
It don't take more'n a second;
There aint no story in that.
'N' like as not, the tumble
Don't do no harm at all:
There's one gal here—I tell yer,
She got an awful fall.

You know her— Ma'am'selle Ida—
 She's Jimmy Barnet's wife,
 The prettiest little woman
 You ever see in your life.
 They was lovers when they was young uns,
 No more'n two hands high.
 She nussed Jim through a fever once,
 When the doctors swore he'd die.



I taught 'em both the motions;
 She never know'd no fear,
 And they've done the trapeze together
 For more'n a couple o' year.
 Last Summer we took on a Spaniard,
 A mis'rable kind of cuss,
 Spry feller—but awful tempered,
 Always a-makin' a fuss.
 He wanted to marry Ida—
 His chance was pretty slim,

He did his best, but bless yer,
 She'd never go back on Jim.
 He acted up so foolish,
 That Jim, one day, got riled
 'N' guv him a reg'lar whalin';
 That druv the Spaniard wild.
 He talked like he was crazy,
 'N' raved around, and swore
 He'd kill 'em both; but Jim just laughed—
 He'd heer'd such talk before.
 One day, when we was showin'
 In a little country town,
 Jim mashed his hand with a hatchet,
 Drivin' a tent-stake down.
 He couldn't work that night, nohow,
 But the "trap" hed got to be done.
 The Spaniard said he'd try it—
 'N' they had to take him or none.
 I knew Jim didn't like it,
 'N' Ide looked scared and white—
 "Look out for me, boys," she whispered,
 "I'm goin' to fall to-night;"
 Then she looked up with a shiver
 At the trapeze swingin' there,
 A couple of bars and a rope or two
 Forty feet up in the air.
 But up she clumb—he arter—
 Stood up, but how Ide shook,
 Then the Spaniard yelled like a devil.
 "Now look, Jim Barnet!—look!"—
 With that he jumped 'n' gripped her;
 She fought, but he broke her hold.
 Grabbed at the rope, 'n' missed it—
 Off of the bar they rolled,
 Clinched, 'n' Ide a-screamin';
 Thud!—they struck the ground;
 I turned all sick and dizzy,
 'N' everything went round.

How still it were for a second!—
 It seemed like an hour—'n' then
 The women was all a-screechin',
 'N' the ring was full of men.
 Poor Jim was stoopin' to lift her,
 But flopped right down, 'n' said,
 Sez he, "Her lips is movin'!"
 She's breathin'!—She isn't dead!"
 For sure!—he'd fallen under;
 It kinder broke her fall;
 Except the scare and a broken arm,
 She wasn't hurt at all.

"The Spaniard?" Oh, it killed him;
 It broke his cussed neck.
 But nobody cried their eyes out,
 As near as I reckeleck.
 She married Jim soon arter,
 They're doin' the trapeze still;
 So, yer see, as I was sayin',
 These falls don't always kill.
 'N' as for things excitin'
 To put in a story,—well,
 I'd really like to oblige yer,
 But then there aint nothin' to tell

NOCTURNE.

SUMMER is over, and the leaves are fall-
 ing,
 Gold, fire-enamelled in the glowing sun;
 The sobbing pinetop, the cicada calling
 Chime men to vesper-musing, day is
 done.

The fresh, green sod, in dead, dry leaves
 is hidden;
 They rustle very sadly in the breeze;
 Some breathing from the past comes, all
 unbidden,
 And in my heart stir withered memories.

Day fades away; the stars show in the
 azure,

Bright with the glow of eyes that know
 not tears,
 Unchanged, unchangeable, like God's
 good pleasure,
 They smile and reck not of the weary
 years.



"SUMMER IS OVER, AND THE LEAVES ARE FALLING."

Men tell us that the stars it knows are
 leaving
 Our onward rolling globe, and in their
 place

New constellations rise—is death bereav-
ing

The old earth, too, of each familiar face?

Our loved ones leave us; so we all grow
fonder

Of their world than of ours; for here
we seem

Alone in haunted houses, and we won-
der

Which is the waking life, and which the
dream.

“BUT YOU’LL HAVE TO SIT ON THE RAILING—
YOU SEE THERE IS ONLY ONE CHAIR.”

Painted by Francis Day.



FRANCIS DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK A. COMPANY

LAKE MAHOPAC—SATURDAY NIGHT.

"Yes, I'm here, I suppose you're delighted: 'Seems years'—oh! of course—don't look
 You'd heard I was not coming down! spooney,
 Why, I've been here a week!—'rather It isn't becoming, you know.
 early'—
 I know, but it's horrid in town.

A Boston? Most certainly, thank you.
 This music is perfectly sweet;
 Of course I like dancing in Summer;
 It's warm, but I don't mind the heat.

The clumsy thing! Oh! how he hurt me!
 I really can't dance any more—
 Let's walk—see, they're forming a
 Lancers;
 These square dances are such a bore.

My cloak—oh! I really don't need it—
 Well, carry it,—so, in the folds—
 I hate it, but Ma made me bring it;
 She's frightened to death about colds.

This *is* rather cooler than dancing.
 They're lovely piazzas up here;
 Those lanterns look sweet in the bushes,
 It's lucky the night is so clear.

I *am* rather tired—in this corner?—
 Very well, if you like—I don't care—
 But you'll have to sit on the railing—
 You see there is only one chair.

'So long since you've seen me'—oh,
 ages!—
 Let's see, why it's ten days ago—



"THE NIGHT IS SO CLEAR."

How bright the stars seem to-night, don't
 they?

What was it you said about eyes?
 How sweet!—why you must be a poet—
 One never can tell till he tries.

Why can't you be sensible, Harry!
 I don't like men's arms on my chair.
 Be still! if you don't stop this nonsense
 I'll get up and leave you;—so there!

Oh! please don't—I don't want to hear it—
 A boy like you talking of love.
 'My answer!'—Well, sir, you shall have
 it—
 Just wait till I get off my glove.

See that?—Well, you needn't look tragic, It's only a solitaire ring,— Of course I am 'proud of it'—very— It's rather an elegant thing.	I'm sorry it happened—forget it— Don't think of it—don't—what's the use?
Engaged!—yes—why, didn't you know it? I thought the news must have reached here—	There's somebody coming—don't look so— Get up on the railing again— <i>Can't</i> you seem as if nothing had happened? I never saw such geese as men!
Why, the wedding will be in October— The 'happy man'—Charley Leclear.	Ah, Charley, you've found me! A galop? The 'Bahn frei?' Yes; take my bouquet—
Now don't blame me—I tried to stop you— But you <i>would</i> go on like a goose;	And my fan, if you will—now I'm ready— You'll excuse me, of course, Mr. Gray."

AUTO-DA-FÉ.

(HE EXPLAINS.)

Oh, just burning up some old papers,
They do make a good deal of smoke;
That's right, Dolly, open the window;
They'll blaze if you give them a poke.
I've got a lot more in the closet;
Just look at the dust! What a mess!
Why, read it, of course, if you want to,
It's only a letter, I guess.

(SHE READS.)

Just me, and my pipe, and the fire-light,
Whose mystical circles of red
Protect me alone with the shadows;
The smoke-wreaths engarland my head;
And the strains of a waltz, half forgotten,
The favorite waltz of the year,
Played softly by fairy musicians,
Chime sweetly and low on my ear.

The smoke-cloud floats thickly around me,
All perfumed and white, till it seems

A bride-veil magicians have woven
To honor the bride of my dreams.
Float on, dreamy waltz, through my
fancies,
My thoughts in your harmony twine!
Draw near, phantom face, in your beauty,
Look deep, phantom eyes, into mine.

Sweet lips—crimson buds half unfolded—
Give breath to the exquisite voice,
That, waking the strands of my being
To melody, bids me rejoice.
Dream, soul, till the world's dream is
ended!

Dream, heart, of your beautiful past!
For dreaming is better than weeping,
And all things but dreams at the last.

Change rules in the world of the wak-
ing—
Its laughter aye ends in a sigh;

Dreams only are changeless—immortal:
 A love-dream alone cannot die.
 Toil, fools! Sow your hopes in the furrows,
 Rich harvest of failure you'll reap;
 Life's riddle is read the most truly
 By men who but talk in their sleep.

I left in a state quite pathetic,
 And went home to scribble that rhyme.
 What a boy I was then with my dream-
 ing,
 And reading the riddle of life!



"THE SMOKE-WREATHS ENGARLAND MY HEAD."

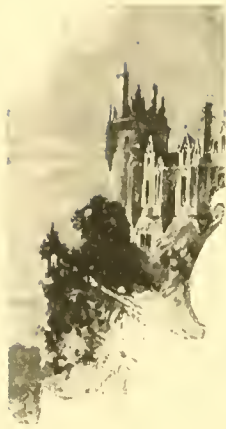
(HE REMONSTRATES)

There, stop! That'll do—yes, I own it—
 But, dear, I was young then, you know.
 I wrote that before we were married;
 Let's see—why, it's ten years ago!
 You remember that night, at Drake's
 party,
 When you flirted with Dick all the time?

You gave a good guess at its meaning
 The night you said "Yes," little wife.
 One kiss for old times' sake, my Dolly—
 That didn't seem much like a dream.
 Holloa! something's wrong with the
 children!
 Those young ones do nothing but
 scream.

ZWEI KÖNIGE AUF ORKADAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.



THERE sat two kings
upon Orkadal,
The torches flamed in
the pillared hall.

The minstrel sings, the
red wine glows,
The two kings drink
with gloomy brows.

Out spake the one,—
"Give me this girl,
With her sea-blue eyes, and brow of
pearl."

The other answered in gloomy scorn,
"She's mine, oh, brother!—my oath is
sworn."

No other word spake either king—
In their golden sheaths the keen swords
ring.

Together they pass from the lighted hall—
Deep lies the snow by the castle-wall.

Steel-sparks and torch-sparks in showers
fall—

Two kings lie dead upon Orkadal.

“THE SUNBEAMS LIT HER GLEAMING HAIR
WITH RIPPLING WAVES OF GOLDEN GLORY.”

Painted by Francis Day.



CHIVALRIE.

UNDER the maple boughs we sat,
Annie Leslie and I together;
She was trimming her sea-side hat
With leaves—we talked about the
weather.

The sunbeams lit her gleaming hair
With rippling waves of golden glory,
And eyes of blue, and ringlets fair,
Suggested many an ancient story

Of fair-haired, blue-eyed maids of old,
In durance held by grim magicians,

Of knights in armor rough with gold,
Who rescued them from such positions.

Above, the heavens aglow with light,
Beneath our feet the sleeping ocean,
E'en as the sky my hope was bright,
Deep as the sea was my devotion.

Her father's voice came through the
wood,

He'd made a fortune tanning leather;
I was his clerk; I thought it good
To keep on talking about the weather.



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

I HAD come from the city early
That Saturday afternoon;
I sat with Beatrix under the trees
In the mossy orchard; the golden bees
Buzzed over clover-tops, pink and pearly;
I was at peace, and inclined to spoon.

We were stopping awhile with mother,
At the quiet country place
Where first we'd met, one blossomy May,
And fallen in love—so the dreamy day
Brought to my memory many another
In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright Spring weather,
 When the twisted, rough old tree
 Showered down apple-blooms, dainty and
 sweet,
 That swung in her hair, and blushed at
 her feet;
 Sweet was her face as we lingered together,
 And dainty the kisses my love gave me.

"Dear love, are you recalling
 The old days, too?" I said,
 Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender
 grace

She turned and rested her blushing face
 Against my shoulder; a sunbeam falling
 Through the leaves above us crowned
 her head.

And so I held her, trusting
 That none was by to see;
 A sad mistake—for low, but clear,
 This feminine comment reached my
 ear:
 "Married for ages—it's just disgusting—
 Such actions—and, Fred, they've got
 our tree!"

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.

A CANVAS-BACK duck, rarely roasted,
 between us,
 A bottle of Chambertin, worthy of
 praise—
 Less noble a wine at our age would bemean
 us—
 A salad of celery *en mayonnaise*,
 With the oysters we've eaten, fresh, plump,
 and delicious,
 Naught left of them now but a dream
 and the shells;
 No better *souper* e'en Lucullus could wish
 us—
 Why, even our waiter regards us as swells.

Your dress is a marvel, your jewels show
 finely,
 Your friends in the circle all envied
 your box;

You say Lilli Lehman sang quite too
 divinely—
 I know I can't lose on that last deal in
 stocks.
 Without waits our footman to call for our
 carriage—
 Gad, how he must hate us, out there in
 the cold!—
 We rode in a hack on the day of our
 marriage,
 Number two forty-six—I was rolling in
 gold,
 For I'd quite fifty dollars; and don't you
 remember
 We drove down to Taylor's—a long
 cherished dream;
 How grandly I ordered—just think, in
 December!—



"YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CIRCLE ALL ENVIED YOUR BOX."

Some cake, and two plates of vanilla ice-cream.	And daughters just out, whose sneers make you wince,
And how we enjoyed it! Your glance was the proudest	We've tasted the fruit of Society's knowledge—
Among the proud beauties, your face the most fair;	I don't think we've quite enjoyed anything since.
I'm rather afraid, too, your laugh was the loudest;	All through, dear? Now, <i>don't</i> wipe your mouth with the doily!
I know we shocked every one—we didn't care.	They're really not careful at all with their wine;
Now we'd care a great deal—with two sons at college,	It wasn't half warmed—the salad was oily— And I don't think the duck was remark- ably fine.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Oh! he was a student of mystic lore:
And she was a soulful girl,
All nerves and mind, of the cultured
kind
The paragon, pride, and pearl.

They loved with a neo-Concordic love,
Woofed weirdly with wistful woe.
They sat in a glen, remote from men,
Their converse was high and low.

"What marvellous words of marvellous
love
Speak marvellous souls like these?"

I drew me nigh till their faintest sigh
Was heard with the greatest ease.

"'Oo's 'ittle white lammy is 'oo?"
breathed he:

"'Oors. 'Oo's lovey-dovey is 'oo?"

"'Oors! 'Oors! Would 'oo k y if dovey
should die?"

"No'p!—tause 'ittle lammy'd die too."

How truthful we poets! The "language
of Love"

Is a phrase we employ full oft;
But whenever we do, we prefix thereto,
You've noticed, the adjective "soft."



